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Glass. *Thimble*

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PRESENTED BY

Mr. David Hutcherson

19203

David Hutcheson.



Robert Burns

Sapphires
FROM
BURNS



BOSTON.
DE WOLFE, FISKE & CO.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

JOHN Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquaint,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John.
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And monie a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John.
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot.
John Anderson my jo.





GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

CHORUS.

GREEN grow the rashes, O;
Green grow the rashes, O;
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent amang the lasses, O!

There's nought but care on ev'ry han'
In ev'ry hour that passes, O;
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O.

The warly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en.
My arms about my dearie, O;
An' warly cares an' warly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O.

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O;
The wisest man the warl' saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears,
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O.





FOR THE SAKE OF SOMEBODY.

MY HEART is sair, I dare na tell,
My heart is sair for somebody:

I could wake a winter night,
For the sake o' somebody!

Oh-hon! for somebody!

Oh-bey! for somebody!

I could range the world around,
For the sake o' somebody.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
O, sweetly smile on somebody!

Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my somebody.

Oh-hon! for somebody!

Oh-bey! for somebody!

I wad do —— what wad I not?
For the sake o' somebody.







COMING THROUGH THE RYE.

COMING through the rye, poor body,
Coming through the rye,

She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
Coming through the rye.

Jenny's a' wat, poor body,

Jenny's seldom dry;

She draiglet a' her petticoatie,

Coming through the rye.

Gin a body meet a body—

Coming through the rye;

Gin a body kiss a body—

Need a body cry?

Gin a body meet a body

Coming through the glen,

Gin a body kiss a body—

Need the world ken?

Jenny's a' wat, poor body;

Jenny's seldom dry;

She draiglet a' her petticoatie,

Coming through the rye.



O BONIE WAS YON ROSY BRIER.

O BONIE was yon rosy brier,
That blooms sae fair frae haunt o' man;
And bonie she, and ah, how dear!
It shaded frae the e'enin' sun.

Yon rosebuds in the morning dew,
How pure amang the leaves sae green;
But purer was the lover's vow
They witness'd in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,
That crimson rose, how sweet and fair!
But love is far a sweeter flower
Amid life's thorny path o' care.

The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,
Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine;
And I, the world, nor wish, nor scorn,
Its joys and griefs alike resign.





TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

WEETEE modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem.

To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonie gem.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield,
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alone.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

EV'N thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine — no distant date;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom!





THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

NOVEMBER chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
The short'ning winter day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreatin' frae the pleugh;
The black'ning trains o' crows to their repose;
The toil-worn cotter frae his labour goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend.
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward
bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin', stacher through
To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise and glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonilie,
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary, carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labor an' his toil.

• • • • •

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride:
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care,
And "Let us worship God!" he says with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise
 Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name;
Or noble Elgin beets the heav'nward flame,
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame;
 The tickl'd ears no heartfelt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
 How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
 With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal Bard did groaning lie
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
 Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy Seers that tune the sacred lyre.



Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,
 The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
 That thus they all shall meet in future days:
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling Time moves round in an eternal
 sphere.



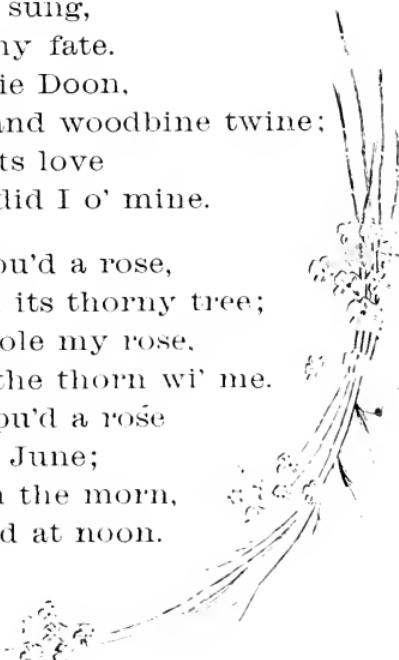


THE BANKS O' DOON.

YE BANKS and braes o' bonie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair!
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care!
Thou'l break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:
Thou minds me o' departing joys,
Departed—never to return.

Thou'l break my heart, thou bonie bird
That sings beside thy mate,
For sae I sat, and sae I sung,
And wist na o' my fate.
Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its love
And fondly sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Twa' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause luver stole my rose.
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
Upon a morn in June;
And sae I flourish'd on the morn,
And sae was pu'd at noon.







FAREWELL TO NANCY.

A E fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae fareweel, alas, forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that fortune grieves him
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me.
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy;
Naething could resist my Nancy;
But to see her, was to love her;
Love but her, and love forever.
Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.



Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure.
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.



SONNET.

SING on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough;
Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain:
See aged winter, 'mid his surly reign,
At thy blithe carol clears his furrow'd brow.

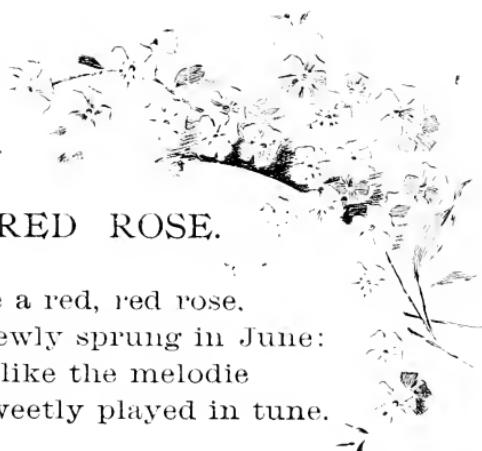
So in lone Poverty's dominion drear
Sits meek Content with light unaxious heart,
Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,
Nor asks if they bring aught to hope or fear.

I thank thee, Author of this opening day!
Thou whose bright sun now gilds the orient skies!
Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,
What wealth could never give nor take away!

Yet come, thou child of poverty and care;
The mite high Heaven bestow'd, that mite with
thee I'll share.







A RED, RED ROSE.

O MY luve's like a red, red rose,
 That's newly sprung in June:
O, my luve's like the melodie
 That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonie lass,
 So deep in luve am I:
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
 Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
I will luve thee still, my dear,
 While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve,
 And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my luve,
 Tho' it were ten thousand mile.



BANNOCKBURN.

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has often led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victorie.

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lower;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Edward! chains and slaverie.

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor! coward! turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's King and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Free-man stand, or free-man fa'?
Caledonian! on wi' me?

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall—they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward! Let us do, or die!

'TWAS NA HER BONNIE BLUE EE.

T'WAS na her bonie blue ee was my ruin;
Fair tho' she be, that was ne'er my undoing;
'Twas the dear smile when naebody did mind us,
'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o'
kindness.

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,
Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me;
But tho' fell fortune should fate us to sever,
Queen shall she be in my bosom forever.

Chloris, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,
And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest!
And thou'rt the angel that never can alter,
Sooner the sun in his motion would falter.





HIGHLAND MARY.

YE BANKS, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ousrels asunder;
But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And closed for ay the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mould'ring now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
Sin auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
From mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty tiere,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught.
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.



LOGAN WATER.

O LOGAN, sweetly didst thou glide
That day I was my Willie's bride;
And years sin syne hae o'er us run,
Like Logan to the simmer sun.
But now thy flow'ry banks appear
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan Braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
Amang her nestlings, sits the thrush;
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
Or wi' his song her cares beguile:
But I wi' my sweet nurslings here,
Nae mate to keep, nae mate to cheer,
Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,
While Willie's far frae Logan Braes.

O wae upon you, Men o' State,
That brethren rouse to deadly hate!
As ye mak monie a fond heart mourn,
Sae may it on your heads return!
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tears, the orphan's cries?
But soon may peace bring happy days,
And Willie hame to Logan Braes.





JESSIE.

TRUE-HEARTED was he, the sad swain o' the
Yarrow,

And fair are the maids on the banks o' the Ayr,
But by the sweet side o' the Nith's winding river,

Are lovers as faithful and maidens as fair;
To equal young Jessie seek Scotland all over;

To equal young Jessie you seek it in vain;
Grace, beauty, and elegance, fetter her lover,

And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.

O, fresh is the rose in the gay, dewy morning,

And sweet is the lily at evening close;

But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie,

Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.

Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring;

Enthron'd in her een he delivers his law:

And still to her charms she alone is a stranger:

Her modest demeanor's the jewel of a'.



THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

THE boniest lad that e'er I saw,
 Bonie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Wore a plaid and was fu' braw,
 Bonie Highland laddie.
On his head a bonnet blue,
 Bonie laddie, Highland laddie,
His royal heart was firm and true,
 Bonie Highland laddie.

Trumpets sound and cannons roar,
 Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie,
And a' the hills wi' echoes roar,
 Bonie Lawland lassie.
Glory, Honour, now invite,
 Bonie lassie, Lawland lassie,
For Freedom and my King to fight,
 Bonie Lawland lassie.

The sun a backward course shall take,
 Bonie laddie, Highland laddie,
Ere aught thy manly courage shake;
 Bonie Highland laddie.
Go, for yoursel procure renown,
 Bonie laddie, Highland laddie,
And for your lawful King his crown,
 Bonie Highland laddie!





MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

MY LOVE she's but a lassie yet;
My love she's but a lassie yet;
We'll let her stand a year or twa,
She'll no be half sae saucy yet.

I rue the day I sought her, O,
I rue the day I sought her, O;
Wha gets her needs na say she's woo'd,
But he may say he's bought her, O!

Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet;
Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet,
Gae seek for pleasure where ye will,
But here I never miss'd it yet.
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't,
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't;
The minister kissed the fiddler's wife,
An' could na preach for thinkin' o't.







COCK UP YOUR BEAVER.

WHEN first my brave Johnnie lad
Came to this town,

He had a blue bonnet
That wanted the crown;

But now he has gotten
A hat and a feather,—

Hey, brave Johnnie lad,
Cock up your beaver!



Cock up your beaver,
And cock it fu' sprush.

We'll over the border
And gie them a brush;

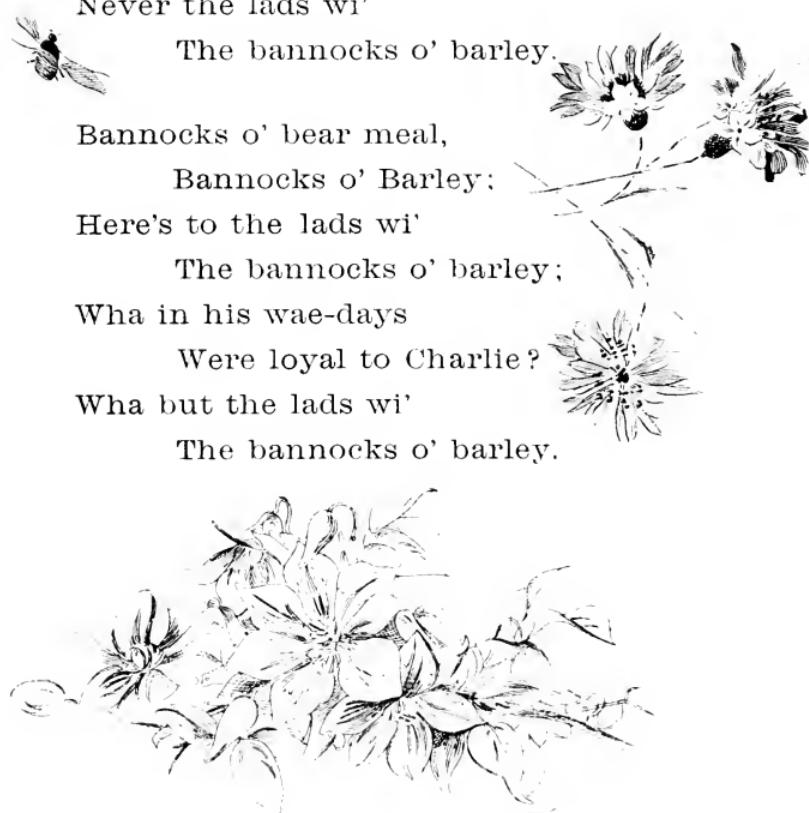
There's somebody there
We'll teach better behavior—
Hey, brave Johnnie lad,
Cock up your beaver!

BANNOCKS O' BARLEY.

BANNOCKS o' bear meal,
Bannocks o' Barley;
Here's to the Highlandman's
Bannocks o' barley.

Wha in a brulzie
Will first cry a parley?
Never the lads wi'
The bannocks o' barley.

Bannocks o' bear meal,
Bannocks o' Barley;
Here's to the lads wi'
The bannocks o' barley;
Wha in his wae-days
Were loyal to Charlie?
Wha but the lads wi'
The bannocks o' barley.



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